



GLAD RAGS

The bounds of spring are on winter's traces. Soon buds the crocuses, soon trills the giant pondor, soon come the new spring fashions to adorn our lissome limbs.

And what will the American college student wear this spring? Gather round, you rascals, and light a Marlboro Cigarette and enjoy that fine mellow tobacco, that pure white filter, and possess your souls in sweet content, and listen.

As everyone knows, campus fashions have always been casual. This spring, however, they have gone beyond being merely casual; they have become *outré*.

The object is to look madly improvised, gaily *spur-of-the-moment*! For example, why don't you girls try wearing a peasant skirt with a dinner jacket?

Or matador pants with a bridal veil? Or Bermuda shorts with bronze breastplates? Be rakish! Be impromptu! Be devil-take-the-hindmost!

And, men, you be the same. Try an opera cape with sweat pants. Or a letter-sweater with kilts. Or a strait jacket with hip boots. Be bold! Be daring! Be a tourist attraction!

But all is not innovation in college fashions this spring. In fact, one of the highlights of the season turns time backward in its flight. I refer, of course, to the comeback of the powdered wig.

This charming accoutrement, too long neglected, has already caught on with is undergrads everywhere. On hundreds of campuses the bona tova is giving way to the minaret, and patriotic undergraduates are dumping British tea into the nearest harbor. This, as you may imagine, does not sit well with King George III who, according to reliable reports, has been stamping his foot and uttering curses not fit to reproduce in this family newspaper. For that matter, a lot of our own people are steamed up too, and there has even been some talk about the American colonies declaring their independence of England. But I hardly think it will come to that. I mean, how can we break with the mother country when we are dependent on her for so many things—linsey-woolsey, Minie

balls, taper muffers, and like that? She, on the other hand, relies on us for turkeys, Marlboro Cigarettes, and Route 66. So I say, if Molly Pitcher and those other Radcliffe hotheads will calm down, and if gentlemen will cry "Peace! Peace!" we may yet find an amicable solution to our differences. But let not our British cousins mistake this willingness to negotiate for weakness. If fight we must, then fight we will! Paul Revere is saddled up, the rude bridge arches the flood, and the ROTC is armed!

But I digress. We were smoking Marlboro Cigarettes—O, splendid cigarette! O, good golden tobacco! O, pristine pure white filter! O, fresh! O, tasty! O, soft pack! O, flip top box! O, get some!—we



were, I say, smoking Marlboros and talking about spring fashions.

Let us turn now to the season's most striking new feature—pneumatic underdrawers. These inflatable garments make every chair an easy chair. Think how welcome they will be when you sit through a long lecture! They are not, however, without certain dangers. Last week, for example, Rimbaud Sigdson, a sophomore at the University of Pittsburgh, fell out of a 96th story window in the Tower of Learning. Thanks to his pneumatic underdrawers, he suffered no injury when he struck the sidewalk, but the poor fellow is still bouncing—his seventh consecutive day—and it is feared that he will starve to death.

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